

2012 8. J. J. J.

PROGRAM NOTES

Gail Hamilton

I

Il fervido desiderio ----- Bellini

When will the day come when I shall be able to see once more the one whom my loving heart so much desires? When will the day come when I shall welcome you to my breast, sweet flame of love, my dearest dear? When will that day come?

Almen se non poss'io ----- Bellini

At least, if I cannot follow my dear love, my heart's affection, oh, follow him for me! Love keeps you already gathered close to him and, for you, this is no unaccustomed way. No, no, for me it is not!

A mezzanotte ----- Donizetti

When night grows dark and you see the stars in the sky, you will come ever so quietly to find me in my refuge. In the silence of the night, beneath my humble roof, come then, my dearest, to cheer your nymph. Then sing your serenade, for I await you on the balcony. Ah, come sing!

II

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen ----- Schubert

When on the highest cliff I stand and gaze down into the deep valley, and sing loudly and clearly, the echo returns; the cliffs echo. The further my song's sound is thrown, the clearer the echo returns. My love is so far from me... My heart is torn with grief, all joy has fled... The woods echo my grief's refrain... The spring is coming, the springtime of my joy... I'll prepare to wander again.

III

Cuatro madrigales amatorios ----- Rodrigo

1. Con que la lavore?

How shall I wash it?
This face of mine?
How shall I wash it?
For I live in great sorrow.

Married women wash
With lime scent;
I wash my wretched self
In pain and grief.

3. De donde venis, amore?

Where have you been, my love?
I know very well where.
Where have you been, my friend?
I saw everything.

2. Vos me matasteis

You have slain me,
Maiden, with your hair down.
You have left me lifeless.

On the banks of the river
I saw a young virgin;
Maiden, with your hair down,
You have slain me,
You have left me lifeless.

4. De los alamos vengo, madre

I come from the elms, Mother,
From seeing how the wind shakes them...
From the elms of Seville,
Seeing my pretty sweetheart.

IV

Le Bonheur est chose legere ----- Saint-Saëns

Happiness is a fleeting thing, passing by. You try to catch it, you pursue it, you pursue it -- it escapes! Alas! you want it to be different from what you have. Your ardent desires need pleasure. May God preserve you from sudden fears and tears that can darken the course of lovely days. If ever your heart misses the retreat which today you give up -- come back! Of all the sorrows of your soul I claim for our true friendship half the share.

Le Chapelier ----- Satie

The Mad Hatter is astonished that his watch is three hours slow, despite the fact that he has been lubricating it with the very best butter; but he has allowed some breadcrumbs to fall in the works, and dipping it in tea will not make it go faster.

Voyage a Paris ----- Poulenc

What a charming thing! To leave a morose land for Paris! Lovely Paris!

V

Si mi chiamano Mimi ----- Puccini

Yes. I'm known as Mimi; my name is Lucia. My story is brief. I embroider on linens and silks at home or outside. I'm calm and happy, and it is my special pleasure to make lilies and roses. I like those things that possess for me a sweet charm, that speak of love and spring, that speak of dreams and illusions, those things that have the name of poetry. Is that clear? I'm known as Mimi, why, I do not know. Alone, I prepare my suppers. Not often do I attend church, but I pray a great deal. I live alone in a little room that looks out upon roofs and at the sky. But with the thaw, the first rays of the sun are mine; the first kiss of April is mine! In a vase a rose sprouts, and I inhale its fragrance leaf by leaf. So gentle is the perfume of a flower! But the ones I make, alas, have no perfume. And that is about all I can say. I'm your neighbor who intrudes upon you.

VI

CYCLE OF HOLY SONGS ----- Rorem

Psalm 134

Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the house of the Lord. Lift up your hands in the sanctuary and bless the Lord. Behold! The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion.

Psalm 142

I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication. I poured out my complaint before him; I shewed before him my trouble. When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then Thou knewest my path. In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me. I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me; refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul. I cried unto Thee, o Lord: I said, Thou are my refuge and my portion in the land of the living. Attend unto my cry; for I am brought very low: deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I. Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise Thy name; the righteous shall compass me about; for Thou shalt deal bountifully with me, I cried unto the Lord; unto the Lord did I make my supplication. Attend unto my cry.

CYCLE OF HOLY SONGS (cont.)

Psalms 148

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise him in the heights. Praise ye him all his angels; praise ye him, all his hosts. Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light. Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens. Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created. He hath also stablished them forever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass. Praise ye the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps: Fire, and hail; snow, and vapour; stormy wind fulfilling his word: Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars: Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowls: Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth: Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children: Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven. He also exhalteth the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints; even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him. Praise ye the Lord!

Psalms 150

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: Praise him in the firmament of his pow'r. Praise him for his mighty act: Praise him according to his excellent greatness. Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: Praise him with the psaltery and harp. Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs. Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord!